

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI, NO. 4972

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1901.

PRICE 2 CENTS

WOOD ALCOHOL. (FINEST GRADE.)

I. P. WENDELL & CO.
2 MARKET SQUARE.

TAKE NOTICE.

Now is the time to buy HARNESSSES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

JOHN S. TILTON'S
Congress Street.

RAID ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

ray & Prime
DELIVER
COAL
IN BAGS
DUST
NO NOISE
Market St. Telephone 2-4.

NEWSPAPER THIEVES.
They Boldly Operate and Even Open Bundles of the Chronicle.

There is no meaner person than a newspaper thief and the worst breed of this article can be found in the city of Portsmouth. Time after time the loss of papers is reported to the office of the *Chronicle* and often a faithful carrier has to get the blame when the boy no more deserves it than the editor.

These detestable thieves are not content with taking papers from doorways, but they have even begun to open bundles left at the newsdealers. Four times within the past week, the bundle of *Chronicles* that go to H. C. Locke on Market street have been broken open and from five to ten papers taken.

It is aggravating to have these complaints and it is more than aggravating for the dealers to suffer the loss of the papers. The police have been instructed to arrest anyone taking a paper from a doorway or from a bundle left at the steamboat wharves and at the depot, and every person arrested will be prosecuted and exposed to the fullest extent of the law and publicity.

The *Chronicle* would be pleased to have those fellows who steal papers rounded up and will furnish them with a copy at the jail every morning, just for a souvenir.

COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS.

Much interest centers this week on the demonstrations of practical cooking by Myrtle Ethel Robinson at U. V. U. hall, which will close on Friday afternoon. This evening at 7:30. The demonstrations are being attended by the leading people of the city and they find it very profitable and interesting, at no cost whatever.

A VIOLENT DOG.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson of Court street was badly bitten by a dog owned by Horace Orlough, recently, and the animal was killed by Officer Hodgkins shortly after. The dog was very vicious.

IN WASHINGTON.

House Passes The River And Harbor Bill.

Senate To Vote On Army Reorganization Bill, Friday.

U. S. S. Scorpion Ordered To Guanoco, Venezuela.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—A final vote on the pending army reorganization bill will be taken by the senate at four o'clock, Friday afternoon, under the terms of an agreement reached late today. The feature of the debate on the bill was the denouncing of the practice of hazing at the West Point Military academy.

The river and harbor appropriations bill was passed today by the house practically as it came from the committee. It carries slightly less than \$60,000,000 of which \$30,000,000 is in direct appropriations.

The Scorpion Ordered To Venezuela.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—At the request of the state department, the navy department has instructed the commander of the Scorpion, to proceed from La Guayra to Guanoco, Venezuela, to protect American interest upon reports that the revolutionist movement there is increasing and that an attempt is being made to take possession of the arms of the New York and Bermudez comp-

pany.

THE BOSSCHIETER MURDER TRIAL.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—Council for the defense in the Jennie Bosschietter murder trial at Paterson, New Jersey, today, closed their case. The three defendants, Death, McAlister and Campbell, gave their version of the affair, on the stand. The story as told appears plausible and reasonable, but conflicted with the testimony of the hack man and the alleged confession of Death and Camball as introduced by the state and admitted as evidence.

A NEW YORK MYSTERY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16.—The body of a man with his throat cut from ear to ear and showing other marks of violence, was found in a trunk at the bulkhead of pier 11, East river, just before noon today. It was identified two hours later, by a woman, as the body of Michael Weiffberger, an East side Hebrew, employed to sell jewelry on the installment plan. As yet there have been no arrests.

BOERS CONCENTRATING FOR BIG ATTACK.

London, Jan. 17.—The important report received from Johannesburg that General De Wet has crossed the Vaal and joined forces with the Transvaal commandos, if true, probably means the concentration of 7000 Boers with several guns, for another big attack. The war office issued no fresh news yesterday.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—Forecast for New England: Snow or rain in the northern part, fair in southern, Thursday, colder, high southwesterly winds becoming northwesterly; Friday fair.

EX-GOV. MOUNT OF INDIANA DEAD.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 16.—Ex. Governor Mount dropped dead at the Bonington hotel, at 6:40 o'clock, this afternoon.

It is said that the trustees have wisely managed the estate since the death of Mr. Norton and that the brick yards have been operated to good advantage.

The trustees are: Dr. John T. Stewart and Frank A. Smith of York and F. J. Day of Lewiston. The provisions of the will are well known to those interested in the case.

Or discomfort, no irritation of the intestines—but gentle, prompt, thorough cleansing, when you take **Hood's Pills**

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

WOODS-TUCKER.

The Well-Known Fall Player And Athlete Weds A Popular Young Lady.

A wedding of much interest was modestly celebrated at half past five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the 16th inst., when Miss Mary M. Tucker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Tucker of New Castle avenue, was united in marriage to Mr. Walter Sydney Woods, the well-known base ball player and athlete and the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Woods of Pleasant street.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the guild room of the Middle Street Baptist church, by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. George W. Gile. The bride was very prettily dressed in white silk lansdown, with trimmings of lace.

The bridesmaid was Miss Minnie Woods, a sister of the groom, who wore a dress of lavender and white muslin.

The best man was Mr. Fred C. Tucker, brother of the bride. The groom's gift to the best man was a gold knot scarf pin and the bridesmaid received a gold crescent pin from the bride.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party was driven to a new home, a very handsome house, on New Castle avenue, which the groom has recently erected and splendidly furnished.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods were most generously remembered by their friends and their gifts included articles of silver, cut glass and substantial furnishings.

From the groom's parents came an expensive dining set and the parents of the bride contributed the handsome carpets and rugs of the new home. A very large circle of friends was represented in the display intruded upon by the *Advertiser* reporter.

A wedding trip was omitted and housekeeping was immediately instituted. The happiest of wishes are expressed for the future of the couple. The groom has been the only Portmouth representative on the National baseball league, having been a member of the Chicago team and later of Pittsburgh. His last season was with the Springfield team of the New England league.

He is a young gentleman of unassuming ways and splendid character and his work has been the especial pride of Portsmouth enthusiasts, who have followed his efforts with particular interest. He is a graduate of the Portsmouth High school.

The bride is a young lady held in high regard in the city and has a large circle of friends.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NOT READY YET.

Contest of J. P. Norton's Will Postponed And May Be Dropped Altogether.

The contest involving the distribution of the estate of the late J. P. Norton of York, which was promised to go before the January term of the York county supreme court has been postponed because the plaintiffs were not prepared to proceed.

The case was to come up at Saco or Berwick on Wednesday, the 16th inst., and the defense had witnesses ready to appear, but owing to the fact that the contestants were not ready, the case has been dropped until the May term at Alfred.

The belief is expressed by the defendants that the case will never reach the court, but may be dropped. The property in question is valued at about \$100,000.

It is said that the trustees have wisely managed the estate since the death of Mr. Norton and that the brick yards have been operated to good advantage. The trustees are: Dr. John T. Stewart and Frank A. Smith of York and F. J. Day of Lewiston. The provisions of the will are well known to those interested in the case.

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IS IT MURDER?

Two Men Found Dead In Bed In Boston.

The Cause Of Their Death A Mystery.

Police Believe That The Deaths Were Caused By Asphyxiation.

BOSTON, Jan. 16.—Two men were found dead in bed at the lodging house conducted by Fred Patterson at 39 Dwight street, this afternoon, and there is a difference of opinion as to whether it was death by asphyxiation or murder.

The victims, Everett Hall, thirty years old, who had been employed as a barber in the Quincy house, and Arthur Avery Pettingill, twenty-three, of Belfast, Me., who was employed as a clerk by a well-known Tremont street drug firm. When the room was broken into it was full of gas, the windows were shut tight and on the floor were two whiskey bottles containing a small quantity of some kind of liquor. The police believe that the men came to the house so intoxicated that they had not sense enough to turn off the gas or open a window, and were asphyxiated.

On the other hand, it is said that Hall had at one time paid his attention to Pettingill's sister, that the latter discarded him and Hall had been heard to declare that in revenge he would either kill her or some of her family.

It is thought that the bottles may have contained some kind of poison which the men drank (in Hall's case unwittingly) with fatal result.

Be sure and be there when Reinewald's Naval band strikes up at Co B's ball, Friday evening.

OUR NEW MINISTER.

An attraction that will no doubt have an audience limited to the capacity of the theatre is Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer's new play of New England life, entitled, *Our New Minister*, which will be given its first presentation here at Music hall on Saturday evening next. This is the first "rural" comedy that the authors of *The Old Homestead* have written since that famous play was produced fourteen years ago.

The new play is described as novel, because it does not follow the beaten track; as a delight, because it is a page of human nature. It exalts virtue and courage, and its characters are drawn from life and are types to be found in any New England village.

The cast which will present *Our New Minister* is a very strong one and the production will be elaborately staged.

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The provisions of the will are well known to those interested in the case.

THE HONEST BLACKSMITH.

Mr. Fitzsimmons, appeared at Music hall in the evening in the Honest Blacksmith, a play written especially for him.

The Honest Blacksmith is surely a home play, and so true to nature is it, that with Mrs. Fitzsimmons and little Bobbie so much on the stage, it was at times difficult to believe that it was all happening in a theatre instead of in their cosy home in Bath Beach. Mr. Fitzsimmons was, of course, the one that the majority of the people had come to see; but the numerous parts had been so carefully distributed that honors were even, and, without exception, the company were accorded a rousing welcome.

LYNN, MASS., June 26, 1900.

GENTLEMEN: I suffered a great many years from inflammation of the bladder and other female troubles. I consulted a physician and took several kinds of medicine, but none of them relieved me. I then took *Tangan* as advertised in the Lynn *Item* and sent to you for a sample bottle, which I found pleasant to take, and seemed to make me feel good. I got a large bottle, and have taken several since. I pronounce *Tangan* in the best medicine I ever took, and the only one that has relieved me of my trouble. The first bottle seemed to go right to the spot, and it certainly has cured me. I hope all the people I have told about *Tangan* will get the benefit I did, and I know they will.

Mrs. F. M. FOSTER, 5 Market Square.

TANGIN

Is sold at all Drug Stores

50c. & \$1.00 per bottle

A free sample will be sent on request by mentioning this paper. Address *Tangan*, New York

BASKET BALL.

Maplewoods Win From Delapoone and Scrub Team Shuts Out P. H. S.

The second series of games in the basket ball league were played in Peirce hall on Wednesday evening, the 16th inst. The Delapoone and Maplewoods and Portsmouths and P. H. S. were to have been the contesting teams, but the Portsmouth team was unable to play and a scrub team was made up to play a short practice game with the High school boys. This game was notable, inasmuch as it was the first game ever played in this city in which the losing team failed to score.

The Maplewoods defeated the Delapoone rather easily, although at the beginning of the game the Delapoone looked winners all over.

The score in detail:

DELAPOONE MAPLEWOODS

THE BOSSCHIETER CASE

Testimony of the Prosecution
Is All In.

DEATH ON THE WITNESS STAND.

He Denies His Altered Confession.
Detective Tells What Death Said to Him—Professor Whittemore Found Chloral in Dead Girl's Body.

New York, Jan. 16.—With an array of expert evidence to show the cause of death, the admission of statements made by the police that one of the defendants made a confession of the crime and a sensational interception of one of the witnesses by one of the prisoners, Prosecuting Attorney Emley last night announced that the case of the state against William A. Death, Andrew Campbell and Walter L. McAlister, three of the four men accused of murdering Jennie Bosschieter, was complete.

The greater part of the day was occupied with the testimony of the medical experts, the most important of whom was Mr. Andrew F. McBride, the county physician, who performed the autopsy on the body of the girl and declared that she came to her death from the effects of "some poison," and Professor Rudolph S. Whittemore, a chemist, who made a qualitative and quantitative analysis of the stomach and other organs of the girl and declared the presence of chloral hydrate in sufficient quantities to show that death had resulted from the administering of this drug. A number of detectives and policemen were put upon the stand to tell of the arrest of the prisoners.

With the introduction of Death's confession made to the police came the climax of a day that fairly bristled with incidents of dramatic intensity.

While opposing counsel were struggling over the question of its admission the young man whose words were now coming back to seal his doom, pale, breathless, with eyes staring fixedly, was gazing at the witness, who chanced to be Detective Sergeant McInerney.

The witness, who had been called to testify as to whether Death's confession had been secured by fair or foul means, was saying, "Death was in the private room at headquarters under the guard of Policeman William Perry when I went in. I went up to him and asked him if he had anything to do with the assault on—

He got no further. Leaning forward, his eyes blazing with hatred, Death half rose from his chair and bellowed out in a voice heard distinctly all over the courtroom, "You lie!"

It was not until an hour later that the real significance of the prisoner's bitter confession appeared.

Tells the Dreadful Story.

Perry, the policeman, had followed the four detective sergeants on the stand each of whom in turn had repeated the brutal words attributed to Death. "She certainly had the 'dope' thrown into her," and one of them had added Death's explanation that by "dope" he meant "knockout drops." After the four defendants had left Death at the police station and had gone out to arrest his friend Campbell, whom he had inadvertently betrayed, Death was left alone except for his police guardian, William Perry.

It was then in the gray dawn of the morning, when the young man's nerves were at highest tension and his thoughts reverted to the bride he had left at home, that he turned voluntarily to Perry and made of him a confidant. No details were spared. "What do you think they'll do to us?" he asked the policeman, and then he told the dreadful story, which Perry yesterday repeated with a simple eloquence that was convincing.

"And when he had finished," said the witness, "he said, 'Ch. I'm nervous as hell. What will my wife think? told her I would be back in 20 minutes when the policeman came for me. I'm afraid it will be a long 20 minutes for me, don't you think so?'"

Death well knew that when Detective McInerney spoke of what was said during the lone vigil with Perry he was approaching dangerous ground. It was this knowledge that broke down his self control, hitherto admirable, and forced from him the bitter challenge, "You lie!"

Death Takes the Stand.

Death himself had taken the stand in his own behalf before the eventful session closed. Judge Dixon ruled in favor of permitting testimony bearing on the confession. In the hope of breaking the force of the impending blow, counsel for the defense decided to call Death himself to the stand to prove intimidation. Mr. Emley did not object, and the unfortunate youth, trembling and pale, took the oath and told his story. The exhibition he made under Mr. Emley's eye was so pitiful that when he tortured back to his armchair the spectators wondered why his attorneys had seen fit to subject him to the ordeal.

Once again there was an incident that held the courtroom silent and breathless with sustained interest. Detective Titus, old and grizzled like a veteran of Napoleon's army, was telling of Campbell's arrival at the police station. "I had known the boy for years," he said. "Campbell turned to me and said, 'Oh, Mr. Titus, I'm afraid this is a bad business for us.' 'Yes,' I said, 'it is a bad business; but, my boy, it is always best to tell the truth.'"

Here the old detective, whose voice had become tremulous, broke down completely, and he wept bitterly, with his face buried in his handsclasp.

It is barely possible that unwittingly he may have done a service for the lad whose plight drove him to tears, for Mr. Emley saw at once that Titus' remark to Campbell about telling the truth could be used by the defense to prevent the introduction of what Campbell was alleged to have said in confession and in confirmation of Death's admissions. The prosecution therefore did not press for the admissions charged to Campbell, and the defense respected the old detective's grief and waived the privilege of cross examination.

Clark Short One Vote.

Helena, Mon., Jan. 16.—William A. Clark of Butte lacked one vote of the number required to elect him to the United States senate yesterday. The first ballot for senator was taken at noon by both houses. Two members were absent. Had the vote been in joint session Clark would have been elected, as he received a majority of the votes cast. A joint ballot will be taken today.

How to Tell the Genuino.

The signature of E. W. Grove appears on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

ENGLAND CALLS FOR MEN.

Five Thousand More Yeomanry Wanted in South Africa.

London, Jan. 16.—It is officially stated that the war office will invite the enrollment of 5,000 additional yeomanry for service in South Africa.

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Kruger's Visit to America.

London, Jan. 16.—The Daily Express says: "Mr. John E. Millholland, who arrived in London last week bearing an invitation from a number of well known New York citizens to Mr. Kruger to proceed to the United States, has been to see him and has offered him a paternal residence in New York city. In the course of an interview Mr. Millholland told a representative of the Daily Express that he was quite sure Mr. Kruger would accept the invitation and would go to New York about the middle of next month."

Duchess of Marlborough Thrown.

London, Jan. 16.—The Duchess of Marlborough, who was Consul General, while hunting with the Hertfordshire hounds, was thrown from her horse as she was clearing a fence. The horse rolled over her, but she escaped with nothing worse than a severe shock.

Nominations by Voorhees.

Trenton, Jan. 16.—The two houses of the legislature held short sessions and then adjourned until next Monday evening. Governor Voorhees sent to the senate the following nominations: For justices of the supreme court, Abenham C. Garrison and J. Franklin Fort; for assistant general, Alexander C. Oliphant; for district court judge, Atlantic City, Robert W. Ingersoll. These are all 10 appointments.

General Killed in a Duel.

Heilbronn, A.R., Jan. 16.—General McDowell, a well known stockbroker of Spring Creek, in Lee county, was shot and killed by Dr. Snipes, his friend and partner. The men, it is said, quarreled over a business matter. General McDowell tried to escape in his house, but the third shot had a fatal effect. Dr. Snipes is a prominent physician.

Howard Beaman Again Married.

Batavia, N. Y., Jan. 16.—Mrs. Martin C. Beaman, mother of Howard C. Beaman, who narrowly escaped the electric chair, is authority for the statement that the latter has married a wealthy southern woman. She declines to give the bride's name.

How to Tell the Genuino.

The signature of E. W. Grove appears on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

VENEZUELA HOSTILE.

Sixteen Two Steamers of Orinoco Shipping Company.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The foundation for another diplomatic incident, in which a warship or two may figure before a settlement is reached, has been laid in the action of the Venezuelan government, reported to the state department by the United States minister at Caracas, in seizing two steamers of the Orinoco Shipping and Trading company. In reporting the seizure, Minister Loomis said that the vessels were to be used "against revolutionists." The Orinoco Shipping and Trading company's steamers have a British charter and sail under the British flag, but the majority of the stock is said to be held by Americans, so that both Great Britain and the United States have an interest in the matter. The steamers ply between La Guaya and Trinidad.

Very recently the Colombian government seized a British vessel, and a demand for \$30,000 was made by Great Britain.

Lord Kitchener wired the war office that Commandant Beyer crossed the railway at Rancho on Saturday, moving in an easterly direction.

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Granite State

Fire Insurance Company OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

OFFICERS:

President, FRANK JONES;
Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN;
Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;
Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY;
Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSOM;
Executive Committee, FRANK JONES,
JOHN W. SANBORN, JUSTIN V.
HANSOM, ALBERT WALLACE
and E. H. WINCHESTER.

We Are Now Receiving Two
Cargos of

PORTLAND CEMENT

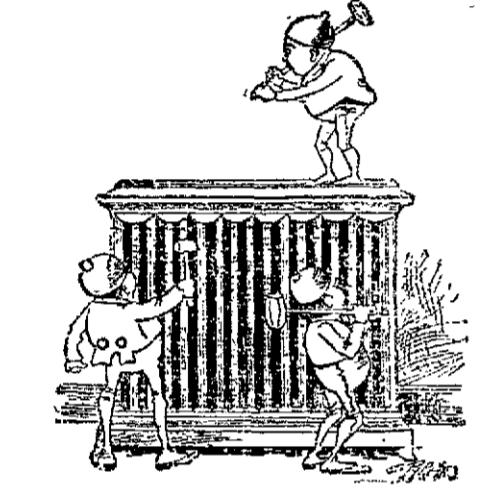
AND THE

HOFFMAN CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city.

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Everything to be found in a
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(both grades), Enamelled
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Ware, Wooden Ware, Cut-
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Carpet Sweepers, Washing
Machines, Wringers, Cake
Closers, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be
found on the 5c and
10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line
will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

39 to 45 Market Street

THE ISLAND OF APPLE TREES.

It lies among the outer seas,
Over many a mile of water wan,
And seldom any living man
Across the clamorous waves has been
And found her for death was cast,
Aloft, idle of apple trees.

Atlantis was its name of old,
And many a drowning mariner
"Twixt life and death has sighted her
Gold apples growing on the verge.
Then, as he sank in stifling surge,
Cursed her and all her fruit of gold.

And now upon the boughs one sees
No golden fruit, but only leaves,
Sweet-scented, glowing overhead,
In a soft wind that speaks of May.
And still one sees and sees away
From that dim isle of apple trees.

—Norah Bupper in Black and White.

BEES LIKED HIS ODOR.

How a Farmer Carefully Bought a New
Pair of Shoes For a Tramp.

As I sat on the veranda with the farmer
after supper I asked him if he was not
greatly bothered with tramps, and his re-
ply was:

"Well, a good many of 'em come along
and want a bite to eat, and some of 'em
are pretty sassy, but only one man of 'em
ever served me a real mean trick."

"Poison your dog?" I queried.

"It was meaner than that. We was eatin'
one day in the spring when a hive of bees
started to swarm. I'd bin expectin'
and watchin' 'em and had a new hive ready.
When bees swarm, they will light
on most anything—handy, a limb, a bush
or even the pump. Jest as the bees began
to pour out of the hive and circle around
along comes a tramp up the path to ask
for somethin' to eat. The queen bee settled
down on his old hat, and the hull swarm
follied her. In two minits that tramp's
head and shoulders was covered with bees,
and I yelled to him for heaven's sake not to
try to fight 'em off or he'd be stung to
death."

"He must have been terror stricken," I
said.

"Not a bit of it, sir. He was as cool as
a cucumber and when I told him he'd
better to stand in a smudge till the bees was
killed off he jest laughed. When they'd all
settled down on him and I was goin'
to start a smudge, he sez:

"'Old man, what d're consider this
swarm of bees with in cold cash?'"
"About \$5," sez I.
"Are ye willin' to give \$5?" sez he.
"What fur?" sez I.
"Bekase ye'll either pay me \$5 or I'll
walk off with the bizness and sell out to
somebody else!"

"And you had to buy him off?" I asked.
"That's where the seamness comes in,"
replied the farmer. "Them bees was my
property, and I wasn't buyin' what was
my own. He offered to take \$2, but I
couldn't see how he could git away with
'em and refused to come down. Then he
starts off. I reckoned the bees would git
angry and sting him to death, but nuttin'
happened. He jest walked out into the
road and down the hill, and he carried
them bees seven miles and sold 'em for a
new pair of shoes."

"And he wasn't stung?"

"Not once, sir. The bees seemed to like
the smell of him, and be padded along
the road as grand as you please."—Washington
Times.

The Irish Difficulty.

I believe that the full development of
agricultural organization points the only
way by which the agricultural industry in
Ireland can be saved. The Irish farmers
who formerly had to compete only with
their fellow workers in the United King-
dom, are now brought into competition with
the farmers of the whole world. The
time has come when they must intelligently
apply to their industry those methods
of combination which have been resorted
to by those engaged in every other indus-
trial undertaking, and by farmers of other
countries. The system by which we are
seeking to attain this result has already
proved its economic soundness, and it is
only lack of funds sufficient to send or-
ganizers qualified to educate bodies of
farmers, who are ready to listen to them
in almost every parish in Ireland, in its
principles and procedure, which delays its
universal adoption. May I point out that
in providing the signs of war a splendid
opportunity is open for some wealthy lover
of Ireland to confer upon her people an
invaluable boon?

The principle upon which under modern
conditions the salvation of Ireland must
be sought becomes more manifest every
year. The Irish difficulty has long been
rather economic than political, and it is
more than ever today. Solve the economic
problem, and in the process the Irish people
will be so elevated and strengthened that
they will be able to solve the political
problem for themselves. I am firmly con-
vinced that all future attempts to deal
with the Irish question on purely political
lines are doomed to share the fate of Irish
politics in the past.—Right Hon. Horace
Plunkett, M. P., President Irish Agricultural
Organization Society, in North
American Review.

Careless Eating.

We cannot impress too strongly upon
those who have the control of children
the necessity of care being exercised in the
manner in which food is administered. Often
an otherwise careful mother, perhaps preoccupied with conversation or
anxious to be free to do something else, to
attend to her other household duties may
well give her child such large and fre-
quent mouthfuls that after it has grown
to the self feeding age the practice is con-
tinued and the habit becomes confirmed.
Perhaps children are inclined to eat too
fast. It is certainly a common fault and
one which may be avoided by deferring the
self feeding and letting the mother by
patient deliberate feeding aid the child in
learning correct habits. And again, this
duty should never be left to an ignorant
and thoughtless nurse, who may have rea-
sons of her own for haste.

Care in this matter may seem to cost too
much time, but the result will be worth
all the expenditures. One of the many ar-
guments against the presence of very little
children at the common table is adduced
by the fact that so many adults, even per-
sons of culture, have wrong habits in eat-
ing, coupled with that of the initia-
tive of the little ones. Haste in eat-
ing is naturally accompanied by hasty in-
feeding on the part of the mother or nurse,
which is frequently the cause of the after-
haste in the child in taking too large a
quantity in its mouth and swallowing it
too fast.—New York Ledger.

Blunder in a Catalogue.

"Punishments—Curious Collection—A
most interesting lot, some perhaps a little
grossome, but on the whole amusing (sic),
more especially those punishments allotted
to certain women.—A negro girl with a
weight chained to her uncle (sic), by Bartolozzi,
1793, is perhaps as nice a plate as
any in the collection."—Notes and Quo-
ries.

Effective Antidote.

"You know what a scold Smally's wife
is? Well, he has finally found a pleasant
relief from her noise."

"How's that?"

"Joined a brass band."—Detroit Free
Press.

The bullet from a musket rifle goes
through a large tree with ease. It seems
to be true that the bullet often passes
through the human body without disabling
a combatant, the wound of exit not ex-
ceeding in size that of entrance.

The average life of a note of the Bank
of England is a little less than 70 days.
Notes are never reissued.

KING KEEPING A LIVERY.

He is Ivar Tofte, and He Claims a Right
to the Throne of Norway.

Antent the king of Norway's recent cele-
bration of his jubilee a correspondent
writes:

Few people are aware, save those who
know Norway well, that there is another
king besides Oscar. His name is Ivar
Tofte, and he keeps what is called a "sta-
tion" in the Glomdalen, a valley beyond
the Romsdal, on the way to Christiania,
where many very old Norwegian families
live. A "station," I should explain, is a
house where horses and carriages can be
hired. Where there are no railway routes
in Norway there are these "land skids,"
some fast and some slow. Here a certain
number of horses and carriages, stock
jeeps, or trilles, must be kept for the use
of travelers.

Old Ivar Tofte traces his descent straight
down from Harold Haarfager—Harold the
Fair Haired—and says he is really king of
Norway. This Harold's date is so remote
that it is "wrap in mystery," but the
chronologists give it as 860 (?) to 933.

In his own station the old man is
considered king, and disputes have been brought
to him to settle just as if he were king.
It is asserted that on one occasion King Oscar and Ivar Tofte met,
and Tofte, patting Oscar on the back, ex-
claimed, "Ah, old fellow, if every one had
his rights I should be where you are and
you would be somewhere else."

Tofte is not without evidences of his
royal lineage. He possesses a glorious
suite of gold plate, besides other relics of
bygone splendor, and rum has it keeps
the best sort of aqua vitae in all Norway.
A Venus with long blond tresses sits in
careless indolence on a river bank and
with a white winged dove perched on her
extended hand. Another glass of this
set has a little scene of a Greek mother
fondling her infant, the baby hands touch-
ing her cheek caressingly, and a flutter of
rainbow hued scarfs being the only drapery.

A busy little Cupid, aiming an arrow
at a maid who is playing the sitar, is another
scene. This maiden is of modern days. Diana at
her bath in the forest, white limbed and beauti-
ful, looks from another glass. Two mer-
maids with flowing locks and gleaming
arms, breasting the waves of a blue blue
sea, is one subject, and a family group,
somewhat garish in regard to clothing and
surroundings, another. In each and
all the design is carried out with careful
regard to detail, and the coloring, both
the flesh tints and the bloom of the flowers,
as well as the soft tones of the back-
ground, is appropriate. Although there
are pink and blues and rainbow tints in
the pictures, the effect is light and delicate,
as though the sun was shining
through a bubble, this Bohemian glass is
so thin, fine and luminous.

As a set off to the exquisite fineness of
these glasses are drinking mugs and
cups of coarser, heavier make, with peasant
scenes painted on them. There is nothing
elusive and sunshiny about these. They look
as though almost any servant might handle them with little risk, and
the enamel work is raised, as though
stamped on the outside and not all in one
with the glass, as the hand painting appears.
Rolling, heavy footed peasants are these,
depicted in blue and green kilts
and long frock coats and cocked hats,
on the fluted sides of the drinking mugs.

A good story is being told in one scene,
and is being listened to with breathless
interest. The participants are full of
laughter. Some household emergency is
portrayed in another and others show the
homely folks in the various provinces engaged
about their everyday tasks. Some of the
lilky-like vases and slender stemmed
wineglasses have only gold filigree work
about the edge or a shield and crest to dis-
tinguish them. Others have the most delicate
tracery of green encircling their borders
or round about the stem.—New York Sun.

CAPTURE OF A PIRATE.

**Bartolozzi Defeated One Spanish Vessel,
but Had to Succumb to Three.**

Frank R. Stockton, in his sketches of
"The Buccaneers of Our Coast" in St.
Nicholas, tells of the capture of a huge
Spanish merchantman by Bartholomew
Portuguese and his small crew. Mr. Stockton
thus relates the misfortune that befell
the visitors:

They cast anchor at Cape St. Anthony,
on the west end of Cuba. After a consider-
able delay at this place they started out
again to resume their voyage. But it was
not long before they perceived to their
dismay three Spanish vessels coming toward
them. It was impossible for a very large ship,
maneuvered by an extremely small crew,
to sail away from these fully equipped ves-
sels, and as to an attempt to defend them-
selves against the overwhelming power of
the antagonists that was too absurd to be
thought of even by such a reckless fellow as
Bartholomew. So when the ship was
hauled by the Spanish vessels he lay to and
waited until a boat's crew boarded him.

With the eye of a nautical man the
Spanish captain of one of the ships per-
ceived that something was the matter with
this vessel, for its rigging and sails were
terribly cut up in the long fight through
which it had passed, and, of course, he
wanted to know what had happened.

When he found that the great ship was in
the possession of a very small body of
pirates, Bartholomew and his men were im-
mediately made prisoners, were taken on
board the Spanish ship, were stripped of
everything they possessed, even their
clothes, and were shut up in the hold. A
crew from the Spanish ship was sent to
man the vessel which had been captured,
and then the little boat set sail for San
Francisco in Campeachy.

An hour had worked a very great change
in the fortunes of Bartholomew and his
men. In the fine cabin of their grand
prize they had feasted and sung and had
gloried over their wonderful success, and
now in the vessel of their captors they were
shut up in the dark, to be enslaved or per-
haps executed.

Rest For Tired Brains.

There is no organ in the human body
which stands in greater need of rest than
the brain, and this rest, the most efficient
of all, is afforded by sleep. Another kind of rest is a variation of work
or a change of subject, the best rest most
frequently for the higher or intellectual
centers. An enormous amount of mental
work can be undertaken if only sufficient
variety is secured. In the end, however,
the brain demands sleep, and this is more
particularly the case with children, and
especially when they have been much en-
gaged in play. In the case of adults hard
mental work up to the hour of going to bed
may cause the loss of a night's rest, and it is an excellent plan to indulge in
some kind of relaxation before retiring to
rest, such as the perusal of light and amusing
literature, some game or some music.

Children undoubtedly require more
sleep than grown up people. Even to the age of 4 or 5 years a child should have one
hour of sleep or at least rest in bed before
dinner, and it should be put to bed at
6 or 7 o'clock in the evening up to the fif-
teenth year. Most young people require
ten hours of sleep and to the twentieth
year nine hours. After that age every one
must find out how much sleep he or she
requires, though, as a general rule, at
least six to eight hours are necessary.

During growth there must be ample sleep
if the brain is to develop to its full extent,
and the more nervous, excitable or pru-
dicous a child is the longer sleep should
be given.

The brain of the self feeding age is con-
tinued and the habit becomes confirmed.
Perhaps children are inclined to eat too
fast. It is certainly a common fault and
one which may be avoided by deferring the
self feeding and letting the mother by
patient deliberate feeding aid the child in
learning correct habits. And again, this
duty should never be left to an ignorant
and thoughtless nurse, who may have rea-
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quantity in its mouth

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1901.

An oil well in Texas that spouts 24,000 barrels a day is more profitable than some kinds of spouters that come from that state.

At the present time you are just as liable to catch the grip through your feet as any other part of the system. You don't have it any easier, either.

Matthew Stanley Quay has won a great fight. The battle was for his political existence and he will exist to the confusion of his enemies, too.

There wasn't much excitement over the returns of January 14 as there was on Nov. 6th, last. There was satisfaction enough on the former date to last for some time, too.

While the fury of those western mobs in punishing black brutes is something frightful, the crimes are enough to provoke the worst punishment. While a community does not add to its dignity by the practice of burning these fiends at the stake, one must expect that something of the sort will happen as long as the terrible crimes take place. Nineteen-tenths of the people will say that the worst feature of such fury is the danger of burning the wrong person. There is no sympathy for the brute that deserves it.

The legislative committees are piling up a lot of business that will either result in many new laws or a lot of dead bills. Some are good and some are not good. Those of general interest provide for the abolition of Fast day; for aiding in the construction of a state highway from the Massachusetts state line to Fort point in Newcastle; relating to licensing hawkers and pedlers; to the creation of a board of supervisors having control over telegraph, telephone, gas and electric light companies; giving the railroad commissioners power of control over all the express companies doing business in the state; for the building of a bridge from the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee to Endicott rock; relating to the killing of ruffed grouse, partridge, quail and woodcock; creating a park commissioner and revising the aldermanic salaries in the city of Manchester; relating to toll bridge charges; to revise the fish and game laws of the state; to incorporate the Berlin City savings bank; to provide for wide trees for vehicles; relating to the sale of mileage books; providing for the care and education of the feeble-minded; relating to manufacture and sale of cigarettes; incorporating the Merchants' savings bank of Dover; to revive the charter of the Concord & Rochester railroad.

THANKS, NEIGHBOR.

The politicians of Portsmouth are practicing with a political balancing pole. Portsmouth is all right. Two good and true men saved the town. Nothing that can be done that ought to be done to promote their interests through the navy yard will be left undone, be assured of that. The prosperity of the city-by-the-sea helps the state.—*Nashua Daily Press*.

Of Course.

Hon. Bertie Bounce—I say, porter, there's some mistake here. This isn't my hat.

Porter—Was yours a better one, sir?
Hon. Bertie Bounce—Of course I was, but I never said anything about it if it wasn't—Larks.

A Dish of Worms.

One of the choicest delicacies in Jamaica is a huge white worm found in the heart of the cabbage palm. It tastes when cooked like almonds.

Is it possible that you have not yet tried the PROPHYLACTIC
TOOTH BRUSH?

Always sold in a yellow box. At all dealers. Adult
size. Children's size.

A LAY SERMON.

Ye gentlemen who serve the British drama, With all the wit and wisdom of your pen, Who from a highly cultivated Kansas Evolve your views of manners and of men, I would but ask, as one whose oft an order Admits, a worshipper within your fane, Why by degrees your plays are growing broad- er? (I trust the word sufficiently explains.)

Has decency so far gone out of fashion That ye must needs, to catch the English folk,

Dip for your plots in troubled pools of passion And bait your lines with spic-eque?

Why are your personages so full-blooded? We must have bright colors to your meat And hold aloft as "she who must be studed" The lady of thy spoliolic past?—Catsford Dick in "The Ways of the World."

CHAPLAINS IN THE NAVY.

Branch of Service Regarding Which but Little Is Known.

Beyond the main fact that a clergyman is always to be found on board a man-of-war the public knows hardly anything of chaplains in the navy. This is not due, however, to the unimportance of the corps. At present every chaplain, with a single exception, is actively employed either on a man-of-war or at an important shore station.

The secretory of the navy declares that the work of a chaplain is very highly appreciated on shipboard by most of the commanding officers and that the moral effect of their influence upon the men is noticeably good. There are but 24 chaplains in the entire service and acquaintance with the personnel of the corps leads one to believe that the standard of fitness has been kept high by the appointing power. The regulations require that an applicant as chaplain be between the ages of 21 and 25 years and a minister in good standing in his denomination. In addition to these qualifications practice requires the hearty and unequivocal endorsement of high ecclesiastical authorities, who are willing to assume a good degree of moral responsibility for the appointments. Political influence of a high order may be used to bring the applicant to the attention of the president and secretary of the navy, but can avail very little beyond this.

The chaplain, once appointed, ranks as a commissioned officer of the staff, messes in the wardroom when on shipboard and is entitled to a private stateroom in the wardroom quarters.

He wears no uniform and in this is the sole exception to the rule which obtains on all the ships of our navy and applies to all officers and enlisted men, from the admiral of the fleet to the humblest mess attendant.

Nothing ignominious is involved in this discrimination, and it is to be presumed that if a majority of the chaplains were to ask for a uniform it would be granted.

The chaplains as a rule dress in ordinary clerical suits, the coats close buttoned, and in blouse or frock, according to circumstances. In conducting divine service each chaplain is permitted to employ the order used in his own denomination and may also use the vestments of his church, if any.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

Self Reliance.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself.

"I was sent to the blackboard and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

"The lesson must be learned," said my teacher in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod underfoot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem. I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say.

"I did study two hours."

"That's nothing to me. I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

"One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'

"I hesitated and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, halted my progress.

"The next! and I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and as he sat down was rewarded with 'Very well.'

"'Why,' whispered I, 'I recited it just as you did, and you said "No!"'

"'Why didn't you say "Yes" and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says "No!" your business is to say "Yes" and prove it.'—Good Stories.

Looking Indian.

Somebody dropped a stickpin in the hall the other day and had hard work to find it. She hunted high and low, and on her hands and knees, and with a candle specially procured for the purpose, but it was no use; the pin was very tiny and unpredictable, its value being that of association rather than size or brilliancy. The same person, after a final shake of the rug, was just about to give it up forever when one of the children chanced to come along, "Why don't you look 'Indian' for it?" he asked. Before the somebody realized what was meant down dropped the youngster on the floor, his head and his whole body lying sideways and just as close to the dead level as possible. In this position his eyes roved rapidly over the floor. "I have it," he shouted presently, and sure enough, right in the middle of the floor, in so plain a place that it had escaped notice, was the missing stickpin. The youngster then explained that "looking Indian" meant putting the head to the ground in order to catch sight of the smallest object between oneself and the horizon. "They do it in the plains all the time," he said. "That's why they can always tell who's coming. But it works in houses just as well as on the plains. Why, we never lose anything in the nursery nowadays—we just 'look Indian' and find it right off."—*New York Sun*.

The World.

This world is not a very fine place for so many of the people in it. But I've made up my mind it shan't be the worse for me if I can help it. They tell me I can't alter the world—that there must be a certain number of sneaks and robbers in it, and if I don't fit in, then somebody else will. Well, then, somebody else shall, for I won't.—Felix Holt (George Eliot).

In 1847 the city of Carlsruhe had a theater fire by which 63 lives were lost. This led to the formation in the neighboring town of Durlach of the first volunteer fire company in Germany.

From 1829 to 1845 platinum coins were minted in Russia.

HOW SHARKS ARE CAUGHT.

It is Exciting Sport to Land the Terrible Monsters.

Although it is possible that it would not favor with the devotees of Izaak Walton's gentle art, shark fishing has much to recommend it to lovers of sport, according to the London Mail. Those who have indulged in it in Australia or elsewhere declare it to be a most exciting pastime and by no means an unprofitable one, seeing that the reward is paid by the government for every shark killed.

Ordinary rowing boats are the craft employed by the angler or rather hunter, and the line used is a strong cord about half the thickness of a man's little finger. The end to which the hook is attached consists of a chain or piece of stout wire, to prevent the shark from biting through the line and so escaping. The bait most acceptable to the palates of these cannibalistic beasts is the liver of one of their own kind. In addition, when possible, a small shark should be captured and the oil squeezed from its liver and allowed to fall upon the water. This naturally spreads over a considerable area and attracts the sharks to the spot. As soon as the bait is taken the sportsmen begin to haul in the line. This is an easier matter than would be expected, for the shark makes little or no resistance until quite close to the boat.

Then comes a sudden plunge, and the brute flies through the water at a great pace. The only course is to allow the long line to be run out until the fish is tired, when it is again pulled in. This process is repeated until the creature is completely exhausted and can be dispatched. The coup de grace is generally administered by means of a rifle bullet. The shark, however, must be dragged well to the surface before the gun is discharged, for it is useless to fire through more than two inches of water.

The best way of firing a shark is to fasten an empty oil drum to the free end of the line. This is thrown overboard as soon as the shark makes his first rush. The oil drum, of course, floats on the surface and is followed by the boat until the shark has been completely tired out. The line is then taken on board and the exhausted animal pulled in and killed in the way described above.

It will thus be seen that shark fishing is by no means wanting in excitement, and those who indulge in it have the additional satisfaction of knowing that they are doing a public service in assisting in exterminating these pests. Shark accidents to bathers are mercifully few, but when they do occur they are generally of so ghoulish a nature as to justify any means taken to make war upon these terrible monsters of the deep.

BUCKEYE AND NUTMEG GRATER.

An Incident Indicating the Seriousness of an Ohio Man.

A half dozen college men were in New York one night not a great while ago indulging in a dinner at the expense of one whose enthusiasm on gridiron heroines had somewhat clouded his judgment.

Part of the party consisted of a Connecticut man and an Ohio chap who, while he is smart enough in most matters, is not blessed with a very quick or comprehensive wit, and he is particularly slow to see a point when there is a mist of mellow morniment before his eyes, as there was on this occasion. Now, it happened that the Nutmeg man is as proud of his state as the Buckeye man is of his, and they have friendly tilts at arms every now and again over the respective merits of Connecticut and Ohio. At the dinner the two sat together, and when the time arrived for any man to make a few remarks who wished to do so the Connecticut man arose with his hand on the shoulder of his neighbor.

"Here," he sang out full and free, with his glass on high, "is to the Nutmeg State. Who can produce a grater?"

The crowd of diners smiled charitably at the well worn sentiment and gag—that all of them did except the Buckeyes, and he jumped to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, with his glass up, "I can. Look, sirs, at Ohio! There she stands, the greatest commonwealth that sits enthroned upon!"

But he never got his metaphor mixed any further. The crowd yelled him down, and for a week afterward he was trying to choke off unfeeling allusions.—*Washing-ton Star*.

Military Justice.

Old Judge Dole, an early settler of Pico, in the county of Wyoming, N. Y., was a military man in his early days, having, to quote his own words, "fit the Britshers in the war of 1812. And he carried his habits of military discipline into the management of his farm.

One hot summer day his hired men, five or six in number, decided to take a nap after their luncheon of doughnuts and pie, instead of setting to work again at haymaking. They selected one of their number to act as sentinel and keep watch for the old judge, and the rest of them stretched themselves at full length in the shade of a big tree.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, the sentinel also yielded to the desire for slumber, and at the end of ten minutes was fast asleep at his post.

Just five minutes later the judge appeared, to see how the work was going on, and he saw at once the state of affairs. From the sentinel's position the judge knew what duty the man had been expected to perform, and without waiting for any explanation, he proceeded to administer a sound drubbing with his stick.

When he had sufficiently admonished the sentinel, the old judge let him go, saying, "There, I guess that'll learn you not to sleep on your post!" And without taking the least notice of the other sleepers the disciplinarian marched off, perfectly satisfied.—*Youth's Companion*.

English Mistletoe.

It may be of interest to know that the "English" mistletoe so conspicuously displayed on our city streets about Christmas time is not one-ton-thickly comes from England. The reason is that the great orchards of Worcestershire and Lincolnshire, from which the English mistletoe is obtained, have nearly exhausted their supply.

Most of the mistletoe now brought to this country comes from Normandy, where it is so thick that the farmers look upon it as a nuisance. Some American mistletoe, from Delaware and Virginia, is sold every year, but it is generally regarded as inferior to the imported article.—*Boston Transcript*.

Siberia is not an arctic waste, but an immense country with vast resources.

An English military attaché who has traveled through that vast country declares that Siberia can produce about every kind of animal and live stock, and it possesses abundant quantities of the more important minerals.

The purchasing power of money in the days of the Roman emperors was about ten times what it is at present.

THROUGH THE EARTH.

A PLAN FOR RAPID TRANSIT BETWEEN AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA.

Confident Manner In Which the Learned Doctor Met the Objections of His Young Friend—A Rate of Speed That Would Take One's Breath.

A fairy tale of science in St. Nicholas is by Clement Fenzl and is called "Through the Earth." It tells of the achievement of a scientist who bored a hole through the earth and sent through a toy. This is how the author outlines the scheme:

"What do I think of it? Why, doctor, the whole scheme is impossible from beginning to end, and I am surprised that a scientist like yourself should entertain it a single moment."

"But James, you surely cannot understand my plan fully, or you would see that, so far from being impossible, it is most feasible, if I can only secure the necessary capital."

"Either you must be dreaming, doctor, or else I do not altogether understand you. From what you tell me, I gather that your idea is to open a rapid transit line between Australia and the United States. You propose to bore a hole through the earth and then drop into it baggage, people and what not and let them fall to the other side."

"Yes," said Dr. Giles tranquilly, "that is my plan. What objections do you find to it?"

"What objections? Only one—namely, that it is impossible," said I conclusively.

"My young friend," said the doctor, "do you know what the word 'impossible' means? It means simply something that has not yet been done. Everything is impossible until some one does it, and then it becomes, on the contrary, astonishingly easy. If we take any other definition for this word, we must admit that there is only one impossibility."

"And that is?"

"And that is to know that anything is impossible. But tell me, James, what is it you find difficult in the scheme?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. In the first place, how will you bore through the earth?"

"Just as I should dig a well," replied the doctor. "But, to expedite matters, I shall be obliged to devise special machinery."

"And how, pray, will you prevent the walls from caving in?"

"Simply enough. As fast as I dig I shall have a stout metal tube cast of the size of my well and let it down to support the walls."

"Well, admitting that you can dig your well down through the solid portion, how will you manage as you approach the center, where the materials are one mass of liquid fire, eh?"

"How do you know the earth is a mass of liquid fire at the center?" inquired the doctor.

"How do I know it? Why, all the great authorities concur in the fact."

HER HOTELS OF MAINE END

NEW HAMPSHIRE

ARE TO GO FOR AN CUTTING

CUTLER'S SEA VIEW,

HAMPTON BEACH,

where you get the famous

ISH DINNERS.

so beautifully situated hotel on the

Parties catered to.

IN CUTLER, Proprietor

The Famous

TEL WHITTIER,

Open the Entire Year.

favorite stopping place for

tsmouth people.

you are on a pleasure drive you

ot fail to enjoy a meal at Whit

er.

IS WHITTIER. Proprietor.

STON & MAINER. B.

EASTERN DIVISION.

inter Arrangement, in Effect Oct. 8.

os Leave Portsmouth

Boston, 3 50, 7 20, 8 15, 10 53 a.m.

2 21, 5 00, 7 28 p.m. Sunday, 3 50,

9 20 a.m., 2 21, 5 00 p.m.

Portland, 9 55, 10 45 a.m., 3 45, 8 50,

9 20, p.m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 45 a.m.,

8 55 p.m.

Wells Beach, 9 55 a.m., 2 40, 5 22 p.m.

Sunday, 8 30 a.m.

Old Orchard and Portland, 9 55 a.m.,

2 45, 5 22 p.m. Sunday, 8 30 a.m.

North Conway, 9 55 a.m., 2 45 p.m.

Somersworth, 4 50, 9 45, 9 55, a.m.,

2 40, 2 45, 5 22, 5 30 p.m.

Rochester, 9 45, 9 55 a.m., 2 40, 2 45,

5 22, 5 30 p.m.

Dover, 4 50, 9 45 a.m., 12 20, 2 40,

5 22, 8 52 p.m. Sunday, 8 30, 10 45 a.m.,

8 57 p.m.

North Hampton and Hampton, 7 20,

8 15, 10 33 a.m., 5 00 p.m. Sunday,

8 00 a.m., 5 00 p.m.

ns for Portsmouth

re Boston, 7 30, 9 00, 10 10, a.m.,

12 30, 3 40, 4 45, 7 00, 7 45 p.m. Sunday,

4 30, 8 20, 9 00 a.m., 6 40, 7 00 p.m.

re Portland, 3 00, 9 00 a.m., 12 45,

6 00 p.m. Sunday, 2 00 a.m., 12 45 p.m.

re North Conway, 7 25 a.m., 4 15 p.m.

re Rochester, 7 19, 9 47 a.m., 3 50,

6 25 p.m. Sunday, 7 00 a.m.

re Somersworth, 6 35, 7 32, 10 00 a.m.,

4 05, 6 39 p.m.

re Dover, 6 50, 10 24 a.m., 1 40, 4 30,

6 30, 9 25 p.m. Sunday, 7 30 a.m., 9 25 p.m.

re Hampton, 9 22, 11 53 a.m., 2 13

4 59, 6 16 p.m. Sunday, 6 26, 10 08 a.m., 8 09 p.m.

re North Hampton, 9 28, 11 59 a.m.,

2 19, 5 05, 6 21 p.m. Sunday, 6 30,

10 13 a.m., 8 15 p.m.

re Greenland, 9 35 a.m., 12 05, 2 25,

5 11, 6 27 p.m. Sunday, 6 33, 10 18 a.m., 8 20 p.m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORSCHE BRANCH.

ns leave the following stations for

Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

tsmouth, 8 30 a.m., 12 45, 5 25 p.m.

eland Village, 8 30 a.m., 12 54, 5 30 p.m.

ingham Junction, 9 07 a.m., 1 07

5 58 p.m.

ing, 9 22 a.m., 1 21, 6 14 p.m.

mond, 9 32 a.m., 1 32, 6 25 p.m.

uring leave

7 45, 10 25 a.m., 3 30 p.m.

chester, 8 30, 11 10 a.m., 4 20 p.m.

mond, 9 10, 11 48 a.m., 5 02 p.m.

ing, 9 22 a.m., 12 00 a.m., 5 16 p.m.

ingham Junction, 9 47 a.m., 12 17,

5 58 p.m.

eland Village, 10 01 a.m., 12 20, 6 06 p.m.

ns leave at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Bawdhill, Lawrence

Boston. Trains connect at Man-

chester and Concord for Plymouth,

oville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury,

port, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tick

and baggage checked to all

at the stations.

J. D. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.

GOVERNMENT BOAT,

FOR GOV RYMENT BUSINESS.

Leaves Navy Yard—8 22, 8 10, 9 15,

10, 10 30, 11 45 a.m., 1 33, 2 00,

3 00, 5 00, 5 45, 7 45 p.m. Sunday,

10, 15 10 a.m., 12 15, 13 35 p.m.

15, 11 00 a.m., 12 15, 2 15, 8 30,

5 30, 6 00, 10 00 p.m. Sunday,

6 30 a.m., 12 05, 12 25, 12 15 p.m.

15, 10 00, 11 00 a.m., 12 00 p.m.

Wednesday and Saturday

TOM HOOD AS A JOKER.

Once He Got His Wife Into a Comical Controversy.

It is one of the ironies of fate that a wit or humorist is sometimes married to a prosaic, just proof woman or an unimaginative, humor loving woman to a literal minded, matter of fact man. It has been suspected that Laurence Sterne, the creator of "Mr. Uncle Toby" and Shandy and Corporal Tim had such a wife as the former, by whom his silly, rich bits of Italianian humor—his medieval double entendres, his quibbles and quid pro quo quod modeled on Scarron and exploding like pyrotechnics—were not only unappreciated, but almost unnoticed. How fortunate it was for that prince of jesters, Thomas Hood, that, with his fondness for both verbal and practical jests, he was married to a woman of the sweetest temper, who, though often cheated by them, could join in the laugh which they provoked, even when at her own expense.

One occasion when living by the sea-coast Hood gave his wife some useful hints on buying fish. "Above all things," said he, "as they will endeavor to impose on your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." Armed with this information and rather anxious to show off her knowledge, Mrs. Hood was prepared to do battle with the cunning fisherman, one of whom soon afterward called. As it happened the woman had nothing but plaice, which had the ominous spots, and Mrs. Hood, shaking her head, hinted her fears that the fish were not fresh. In vain did the fisherman insist that they were only just out of the water. Mrs. Hood, in the innocence of her heart and the pride of conscious knowledge, was ready.

"My good woman, it may be as you say, but I should never think of buying any plaice with those unpleasant red spots."

"Lord bless your eyes, mum!" replied the astonished fisherman with a shout, "whoever ever seed plaice without spots?"

A suppressed giggle on the staircase behind her revealed the joke, and, turning her head hastily, Mrs. Hood caught sight of her husband hurriedly disappearing in an ecstasy of laughter, leaving her to appraise the angry sea nymph as best she could.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

Meeker, Colo., Jan. 16.—An unlucky stumble almost placed Colonel Roosevelt within the grasp of a rocky mountain grizzly, but the coolness of the New Yorker and the persistency of his companions' fire served to win for them another trophy. After slaying the mountain lion on Saturday morning the party proceeded to the Keystone ranch and remained there quietly over Sunday. Monday morning saw them in the saddle and ready for the first onslaught on the wild game in Coyote basin. The basin is a natural amphitheater, the walls being rockbrowed, precipitous hills. There is only one outlet, and this the game know and follow. Dr. Webb rode into Meeker yesterday and detailed the second thrilling adventure in which Colonel Roosevelt played a prominent part.

"It was still quite early in the morning when we entered the basin," said he. "Goff, the guide, assured us that we would have an excellent chance at that time if bear were around, and as snow had fallen we had hoped that a grizzly or two had been driven down from the hills. And we were not disappointed.

Meeker Is Seen.

"We had hardly ridden a quarter of a mile when Goff called our attention to a huge brute lumbering unsteadily up a miniature canyon to one side. Between us and the canyon the ground was comparatively open, so we dashed up to the rocks, dismounted and resumed our pursuit of bear, who was making off up the arroyo as fast as possible.

"Hastily the colonel took a shot. He only moved faster. Stewart and I tried it, but still the old grizzly kept on. Colonel Roosevelt was wild with enthusiasm and despite the guide's warning dashed ahead of us all. He rapidly overhauled the bear and when 30 yards away took careful aim and fired. The bear had now almost reached the head of the canyon, and there was no escape except by scaling the cliff. Roosevelt's last shot stung him, and, rearing on his hind legs and snarling fiercely, he started toward the colonel's escape.

"Run, colonel," yelled Goff, taking in the situation, for the bear was mad, and his 1,200 odd pounds were fairly quivering with rage. Calmly Roosevelt took another shot, but the bear was now under full swing and coming with speed. The rest of us were about 30 yards back, and we yelled again. One more shot, and then Roosevelt turned to see, but to our horror he stumbled and fell sprawling. I took careful aim at the angry bear and fired, but still he came. Stewart pointed shot into his carcass, Goff ran forward and shot, and Roosevelt scrambled to his feet with bruiser 15 feet away. He could turn and fired again and stopped the animal. A fusillade from all of us followed, and with a last stagger toward us the game old animal lay down and died."

Ward Liner on a Cuban Reef.

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Today entomology is in excelsis, if I may judge by the recent experiences of a friend of mine as narrated to me by himself. He is rich enough to be able to afford the luxury of old clothes and to look the world in the face from under the brim of a shockingly bad hat. He footed it painlessly to an eminent operator. The eminent operator began by asking him for his letter of introduction. The humor of the thing struck the patient, and he said he had forgotten his credentials. Who introduced him? He feared he had forgotten that also. Well, what was he prepared to pay? Would he write a check for 500 guineas? Didn't he value his feet at 500 guineas?

"Well, at how much, then? It came down by hundreds to 100 guineas and finally to 50, but lower. For 50 guineas the eminent operator would see what was wrong. In this instance he didn't. But doubtless he often does. 'What I should like to see,' the patient concluded "is that chap's income tax return."—Pal, Mall Gazette.

Tests For Real Diamonds.

Recent arrivals from South Africa have brought, says a correspondent, the most wondrous specimens of "diamonds" with them, beautiful to behold; but, alas, they would not scratch glass, while some of the most beautiful of all can be cut with a pocketknife. It is tolerably simple to say whether a stone is a diamond or not. If you can scratch a sapphire with it, you want no further test; it is a diamond. If you rub it with wool or in the dark and it phosphoresces, it is a diamond. If you look through it at a light and only see one light, it is most probably a diamond. The X rays have discovered that a diamond is nearly if not quite translucent to those rays, whereas the brightest "past" rays cast most lead and throw the blackest shadow. And a diamond tastes cold, whereas a paste gem tastes warm.

Major Pattersby, O. S. D., writing on this subject, said that Solomon's words were very true as applied to persons giving information to those in possession of "precious stones." Very often "he that increaseth knowledge increases sorrow."

—London News.

Dreams First Nights.

"First nights? Heavens! Don't speak of them! It makes me feel bad now to think of the Thursday when we first gave 'The Monks of Mataba.' Really, I felt like taking a train and running away when that evening came around, and if it hadn't been for my wife coming down from New Rochelle with me I believe I should have tried to swim across the sound and lose myself on Long Island."

Fighting Near Panama.

Colon, Colombia, Jan. 16.—General Alvarado attacked the revolutionary forces outside the city of Panama on Saturday. The fighting was brief, and the revolutionaries were defeated, losing many killed and wounded, as well as two chiefs captured. The government forces sustained a loss of seven killed and wounded.</p

